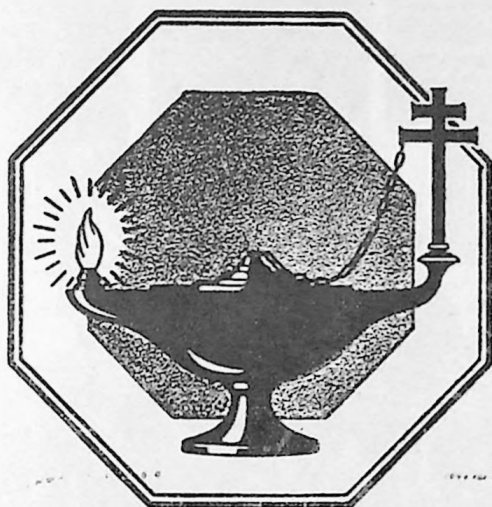


TOC H JOURNAL



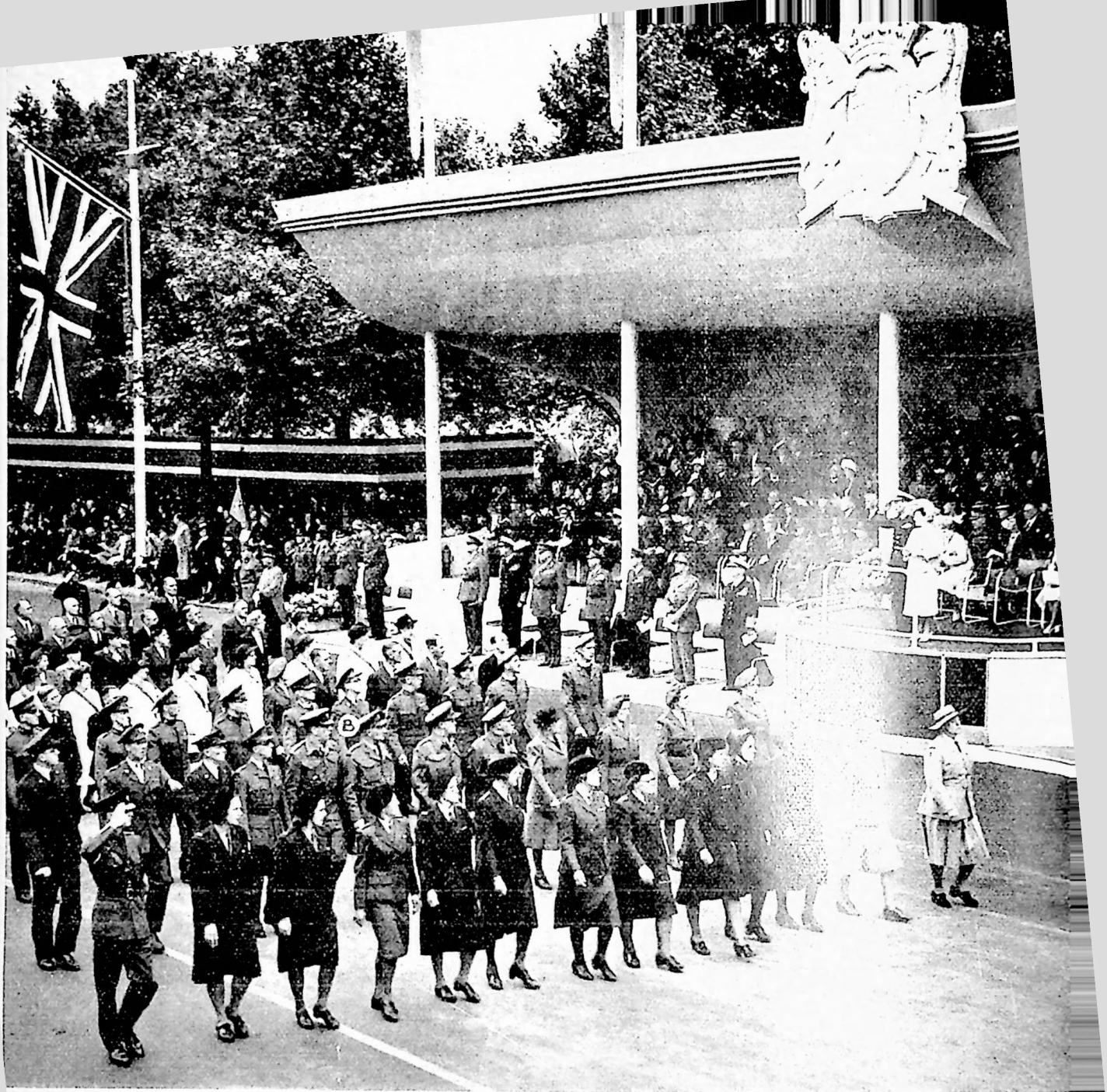
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THREEPENCE



VICTORY DAY, JUNE 8, 1946.

H.M. THE KING salutes a contingent of the 'Voluntary Bodies.'
Toc H was represented by Miss GLADYS COTTON (A in the second rank), who worked in Services Clubs in the Middle East, and GEORGE BENNETT (B in the third rank), who worked in India and is now Public Librarian at Sevenoaks.

TOC H JOURNAL

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No. 8

OUR NEW ADMINISTRATOR

EVERY reader knows that W. J. LAKE announced to the Central Council last April his decision to retire from the office of Hon. Administrator of Toc H as soon as a successor could be appointed—a decision he had made known to the Central Executive as long ago as September last year. 'Lako's' resignation will meet with lively regret but should not surprise those who remember how he came to undertake a job strenuous at any time but never so full of difficulties as in the war years. After a very active life spent in South America—from top to toe, from the Amazon to Cape Horn—he had earned honourable retirement and came back to England looking forward to making a home and a garden on the borders of his beloved Kent. He had barely settled down when the storm burst in 1939. In March, 1940, Hubert Secretan, Hon. Administrator since 1934, received a call to the Ministry of Shipping, and Lako gallantly shouldered the discomforts of war-time London and the burden of steering Toc H in six years of crisis.

In 1923—a year after Tubby's first brief visit to Canada, two years before its foundation anywhere else overseas—Lako had planted Toc H in Latin America. Arriving home, he was suddenly called to pioneer again. How the War Services of Toc H were extended, under his guidance, to every fighting front is known to us all and will always be gratefully remembered in the history of our movement.

A successor has now been appointed as Administrator. He is HAROLD WILBERFORCE Howe, just retiring from the Headmastership

of Keswick School at the age of 56. Very briefly his career has been this: A schoolboy at Eltham College; a scholar ('Postmaster') of Merton College, Oxford; an assistant master at St. George's School, Harpenden (co-educational), 1913-17; war service with the 5th Middlesex, 1917-19; back to St. George's School as Second Master, 1919-22; Headmaster since 1922 of Keswick School. He is married, with four daughters. In *Who's Who* he gives his recreations as "tennis, cricket, gardening, reading, music." It is important to add to this his Toc H record. He was elected a member of Keswick Branch in February, 1932; he has served on a District Team and on the Lakeland Area Executive; at the moment he is a General member of that Area. In other words he knows Toc H, as an active member, from the bottom upwards. A familiar and much respected figure in his own Area, he will soon be known and welcomed by all of us.

And so a new but not apprentice hand—the fourth Administrator in our history—is preparing to take over, in January, 1947, the wheel of the ship of Toc H, facing into the heavy seas of the post-war world. It was the first Administrator, Peter Monie, who wrote, "It makes all the difference whether we have set out on a cruise or on a voyage." Many of us are convinced by all the signs that the mood of adventure is setting in with new vigour among the membership of Toc H: it will not be content with the idle pastimes of a pleasure cruise. A stout crew stands behind the new captain for a voyage of hazards and new discoveries. God speed him in a grand venture!

B.B.

"HE FIRST FINDETH HIS OWN BROTHER"

Talking of recruiting new members . . . Let TUBBY take up the tale—

IN an East Anglian Town, famous for bloaters, a Gunner sat, his head between his hands. It was 1920, and early spring. The Gunner was no longer in the Army. He had come Home, and had been re-established as a compositor upon the seaport's *Daily Mercury*. The high tide of return had landed him in the domestic circle of his Flanders dreams. His wise wife understood him thoroughly; his children were the cynosure of all eyes in the street for tidy turn-out and docile behaviour. What, then, was there to weigh upon his mind?

In truth, he blamed himself for certain moods of discontent, which evidenced themselves of late, when the sheer joy of home, of being free, of being once again a citizen, began to fade. It lasted for six months; and then returned a yearning for the rough and tumble of Battery life, for men who had become (with all their foibles) strangely dear to him, yes, and for the big sense of self-surrender to a great cause. All these things he had known; and now the day of small things had reclaimed him.

These men had been his pals, his working partners, mates in the bivvies, teams in the gun-pits, brothers in their rough way. Friends had been killed, apparently to very little purpose. He still could hear their moans and imprecations; but pain makes anyone say anything. "A stomach-wound is worst," so his thought ran, as if it might occur that afternoon. But he had come through whole. Why was he chosen to survive so many, who might have done much more to help their fellows? Before him, lay a letter from a Padre whom he had known. In it the Padre told him that he was to regard himself as the Keyman in that whole district of East Anglia for the revival of old Talbot House. What could he do? He would, in the first case, take counsel with his brother over it.

The brother was not prone to Churchmanship, and war had had an adverse effect on him. Yet, for the sake of consanguinity,

he acquiesced, limiting his liability to the considerable outlay of 7/6d. That was one half of the hire price of the hall in which the inaugural meeting of this new Society was to take place. An announcement to this effect was inserted by the compositor's employer in the Town paper; and the two brothers, turned out to welcome all and sundry at the doors of the hall at 8 p.m. At the announced time, no one had come. At 8.15 the same was the result. At 8.30 there had been no addition. At 9 p.m. the meeting still consisted of the two brothers, waiting at the door. At 9.30 the brother, who had joined reluctantly in the adventure, solemnly passed over his three halfcrowns, and left to get a drink before closing time. At 10.15 the Gunner, now alone, put out the lights and locked up the hired hall.

When he reached home, his wise wife comforted him; and to her comfort Toc H in East Anglia, in eighteen units prior to the second world war, owes its foundation. But that's another story.

Four in Family

Here I stress, or seek to stress, the pluck which is required to win your brother. No step demands of you more moral courage; yet where your brother is not in Toc H, it maybe his own perverse, resolute decision; but it may also be your crowning failure. In order to encourage you to try to win your brother over to Toc H, allow me to rehearse a striking instance.

In a King's ship, which kindly gave me passage, I sat full often in the tiny cabin of the Navigator, who was the only Officer on board inside Toc H. He had, in earlier years, been Warden of a Mark. Two of his brothers had also held the same responsible post in other London Houses; and the fourth, while not a Warden, was "well in." How had this come to be? How had this household of four strong men been brought in to Toc H? How had the Movement gained fourfold allegiance?

So far as the Navigator could tell me, it was all due to a remark let drop, twenty years back, by an old Housemaster, who mentioned Toc H as a likely place for London lodgings to the eldest brother. He came and tested old Mark II in London, and liked it well, and finally became Warden thereof. George is now in Shanghai. Philip then followed on, and rose to fame far beyond Toc H circles; but he also had time to be the Warden of Mark —. James, my narrator, prior to the sea, pursued also a City occupation, and, having an old head upon young

shoulders, skippered a Mark, as to the manner born. William alone has not, and more's the pity, been Warden of a Mark; but he is "in."

Now run away and tackle that dour brother, whom you have so far fought shy of enlisting. He's not as peppery as you may think; and Toc H needs him and his acid wisdom as much as it needs you, with all your ardour. It's easy to commend Toc H to strangers. Commend it to your kindred, who know you. P.B.C.

DISCRETION: A Cautionary Tale

Tubby sends these verses for the JOURNAL. He writes: "I was taught them by my Mother fifty years ago. I rather fancy that their origin is a great-aunt of mine, one Harriet Dalby; I doubt if they have ever been in print."

Have you heard of the Curate, who mounted
his mare
And merrily trotted away to the Fair?
Of a creature more tractable never was heard.
At the height of her speed, she would stop
at a word;
Again, at a word, when the Curate said
"Hey."
She would put forth her mettle, and gallop
away.

As near to the gate of a city he rode,
And the sun of September all brilliantly
glowed,
The good Priest discovered, with eyes of
desire,
A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild briar.
On boughs long and thorny, with many a
root,
Hung, large, black and glossy, the beautiful
fruit.

The Curate was hungry and thirsty to boot,
He shrank from the thorns, but he longed
for the fruit.
With a word, he adjusted his courser's keen
speed,
And stood up erect on the back of his steed.
On the saddle he stood, while the creature
stood still
And he gathered the fruit, till he'd had his
good fill.

"Sure, never" (he thought) "was a creature
so fair,
So docile and true as my elegant mare.
Lo, here now I stand" (and he gazed all
around)
"As safe and as steady as if on the ground.
But how should it be, if some traveller this
way,
Meaning no evil, should chance to cry—
'Hey!'"

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
And spoke out aloud in his fond reverie.
At the sound of the word, the good mare
gave a push,
And down fell the Priest in the wild briar
bush!
He remembered too late on his thorny green
bed
That what well may be thought, cannot
wisely be said.

THE OBJECTS OF TOC H

JOHN DURHAM (*London Marks Padre*) discusses the 'Objects' of Toc H in the Royal Charter.

"WHEN I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean, neither more nor less"—an admission which is as delightful in its honesty as it is regrettable in its indifference to the truth. A proper humility on our part, however, is likely to save us from despising him for what is a very common failing. The device of omitting from our thinking what we happen to dislike is a most pleasurable temptation, and he is a bold, and I suspect an untruthful, man who boasts that he has always successfully resisted.

Perhaps the real reason why Humpty Dumpty fell off the wall was because he did not see that Truth was bigger and stronger than himself; so when Truth met him it knocked him off his perch. However, that is as may be. Anyhow, we know that to see the whole truth about any one thing is a mighty difficult adventure. It is an adventure, for it has all the excitement of a treasure hunt. But the treasure will never be discovered—in fact it cannot be—by the man who travels by himself. It can only be found by friends. Truth and Toc H are alike in having too many facets for it to be possible for one man to understand and appreciate them all. Which is one of the reasons why neither of them is ever dull.

In the English language there are two classes of words. There are the words which are full of warmth, life and colour, and there are those which seem cold, dead and drab. In the first class comes 'Toc H'; in the second, 'Objects'—a very monument of dullness. One day, perhaps, there will appear a genius who will invent a new word which will glowingly describe the purpose of a Movement; but, meanwhile, we must rest content with 'Objects,' remembering

that in those seven letters are hidden not only past history and achievement, but present endeavour and lively expectation.

The First Object

Birth is always exciting, for it is the harbinger of new life; and there is excitement in plenty hidden beneath the formal words of the FIRST OBJECT of Toc H: "*To preserve amongst men and to transmit to future generations the traditions of fellowship and service manifested by all ranks during the Great War, thereby encouraging its members, through the common Christian life of the Association, to seek God, and helping them to find His Will and to do it.*"*

It was in and from a furnace that Toc H was born, a fact with high significance; for fire has a testing quality. But the flames of a fire do not only test and purify; they bring light into the darkness. So, in the light of that fire, those who first built Toc H saw, more clearly than they had ever seen before, that fellowship and service were not what "dreams are made on" but were of the very stuff of life itself. To believe in them meant to believe in men; not super-men, but the Toms, the Dicks and the Harrys of this world. This was not the crude humanism which makes man his own god and nourishes the pathetic fallacy that he is able to save himself. On the contrary Toc H firmly grasps the Christian paradox that the only reason for belief in man is belief in God. Fellowship and service are human virtues because they are divine characteristics; for in Everyman there is the imprint of God. But these virtues need to be tended if they are to grow and bear fruit; and the gardener is not one but many. "The common Christian life of the Association"—as a man once said to John Wesley "the Bible knows nothing

* The original draft of this first 'Object' had the words "by all ranks of the British Army." These were dropped out because it was realised that the spirit of fellowship and service was common to all the armies fighting, on both sides, and because it was foreseen that men of other nations might some day want to join Toc H and would find these words a limitation. The final phrases, from "thereby encouraging . . ." to the end, were added when the Charter was revised in 1925 in order that the Christian aim of Toc H might be stated beyond any doubt.—ED.

of a solitary Christian." And as gardeners need to learn the rules of gardening, so do men need to learn from God and their fellows the rules which govern the growth of fellowship and service.

Knowledge, however, as an end in itself, is like a good wine which has lost both body and bouquet. It is not worth drinking. The amassing of a vast number of facts unrelated to the business of living produces little but spiritual pride and mental indigestion. For the real value of knowledge lies in its creative activity. It impels man to action. To know, and not to use for good the knowledge gained is the mark of the self-centred man who, secure in his study, weaves endless webs in which he is caught and imprisoned. Futile, too, is the listening to many speeches and the engaging in repeated discussions, if all that emerges is "sound and nothing else." But that which a man learns from God and his neighbour frees him from the corrupting power of self-centredness, and sets his feet on the road of fellowship and service. He no longer looks inward upon himself, but turns his gaze upon the community in which he lives; and because he has been in touch with God-revealed-in-Christ he cannot rest content until, like Him, he has girded himself with a towel and begun to wash his brothers' feet.

Service is always service of some one. God never thinks in terms of masses but of persons; of individuals, each with his own hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, successes and failures. Here is the man imprisoned in his own riches; there is the woman whose household treasury is never filled; here is the child for whom love and affection are tales from a story book. There is no close season for service, and no restriction on where it shall go. It can be the gift of one, or of many-as-one; but whenever it is true to itself it is proffered in no spirit of condescension, but in the knowledge that those who are trying to give are themselves in need of receiving.

The Second Object

If service is needed, so is the encouragement to service. The shy and the diffident must be helped to see that their distrust of

themselves has no warrant in actual fact, but that there are jobs in plenty awaiting *their* doing. For the truth is that there is no man so witless, so devoid of all human graces that he has nothing to give. Somewhere, if only search is made, is the one job which each individual can do supremely well. So how else could it be but that Toc H sets out "*To encourage amongst the members of the Association the desire to perform, and to facilitate the performance of all kinds of social service as between and for the benefit of all ranks of society.*" (SECOND OBJECT)?

When Cain replied to God's question "Where is Abel thy brother?" with the words, "I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?" he carried on the tradition of self-excuse laid down by his ancestor Adam when he tried to put the blame on Eve, his wife. With a consistency worthy of a better cause, mankind has proved an apt disciple. No one likes to be posed with an awkward question, and Cain was no exception to the general rule. So he falls back on the easiest of answers—"I know not." How can he fairly be blamed for not knowing the whereabouts of his brother? Is not his ignorance entirely proper? And then he makes the fatal mistake of trying to justify himself—"Am I my brother's keeper?" But, unlike man, God cannot be hood-winked; and there comes the divine accusation, "What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

The Third Object

We can comfort ourselves with the knowledge that we are no murderers, but can we console ourselves with the reflection that we have never pleaded justification for our ignorance of our brother's whereabouts? For the brutal truth is that in addition to invincible ignorance there is culpable ignorance. Mr. Brown at No. 10 neither knows nor wishes to know Mr. Smith at No. 12, let alone the Robinsons who live on the other side of the town. His horizon is formed by his home, his work and his friends; and the lives of other people make no real impression upon him, for he never knows those of whom

he hears and reads. It is personal knowledge developing into friendship which is an essential part of the attempt of Toc H "*to promote among all people a wide human interest in the lives and needs of their fellows, and to foster in every man a sense of responsibility for the well-being of his fellow man.*" (THIRD OBJECT). It is essential because few of us have the imaginative power necessary to enable us to transform statistics into human lives. We may well wonder how many of the crimes of history have been committed and justified through thinking in the abstract terms of oppression, cruelty and injustice rather than of living men and women like to ourselves.

The necessity of knowing the other person is one of the reasons why Toc H must be a world-wide family. The limitations of the human mind are such that we find it hard, if not impossible, to enter with sympathy and imagination into the lives of those whom we shall never meet. But this does not free us from the duty of discovering how the Egyptian fellaheen, the Indian outcaste, the Russian workman, the German peasant lives and works and dies. Neither of these nor of any other son of man dare Toc H say "I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?"

The Fourth Object

The FOURTH OBJECT of Toc H, and the last with which we are here concerned, reads as follows: "*To mitigate by habit of mind and word and deed the evils of class-consciousness, and to endeavour to create a body of public opinion free of all social antagonisms.*" Alongside this quotation let there be set one from Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*: "The great secret, Eliza, is not having bad manners or good manners or any other particular sort of manners, but having the same manners for all human souls: in short, behaving as if you were in Heaven where there are no third-class carriages, and one soul is as good as another." And, perhaps, it may be added, no first-class carriages either; for there is a vice which goes by the name of inverted snobbery.

There has, thank God, never been a time

since Toc H was born where it has not seen that class-consciousness and class-hatred were as wrong as they were foolish. To judge a man by his coat or his pocket-book is to descend to the standard of judgment of an artificial society, while to regard him as a knave because he has different political opinions is to affect an omniscience to which no one is entitled. It was not, then, by chance but by design that Toc H has always set out to mix men; and that one of its ideals has been to see in every Branch and Mark a true cross-section of the nation. What better way of creating "a body of public opinion free of all social antagonisms" can there be than that of uniting "all sorts and conditions of men" in fellowship and service? Here, as perhaps nowhere else, false valuations are set aside, and each man stands or falls on his merits as a man.

Today it is fashionable to see the cause of social antagonisms in the unequal distribution of the world's wealth; and none but a fool will deny that it plays a vital part. But the diagnosis does not go deep enough. The fundamental reason was given once and for all in these words—"Men are at odds with themselves and with one another because they are at odds with their Maker." They are words which Toc H, rooted as it is in the Christian Gospel, can make its own; and if it ever forgets them, which God forbid, it will have ceased to be Toc H. The salt will have lost its savour.

The work which God is asking of Toc H is always the same; it is to break down barriers. In the years that have passed it has learned a little of what to think, of what to say, and of what to do. Above all else it has proved to itself that there is only one place where the lesson of creative living can be learned—the stable of that Inn which Chesterton saw when he wrote

"To an open house in the evening,
Home shall men come,
To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome;
To the end of the way of the wandering star,
To the things that cannot be and that are,
To the place where GOD was homeless
And all men are at home."

JOHN DURHAM.

I.V.S.P.

For this article we are indebted to ALBERT E. TOMLINSON.

TOC H members will know the sinking feeling which comes when a stranger asks "What is Toc H?" Then, as Pilar says in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, "it is all to do over!"—Talbot, Poperinghe, 'signalese,' 'Tubby' Clayton, etc.; 45 minutes easily slips by bringing the story up-to-date. The same difficulty presents itself when trying to make a summary of I.V.S.P. history. The initials first: they stand for 'International Voluntary Service for Peace.' But "What kind of service?"; "Why for Peace?"; Let me try to explain.

Pierre Ceresole

It all started with Pierre Ceresole, a Swiss from Lausanne. After the 1914-1918 war he saw that he must try to convert the virtues of the soldier—courage, devotion, endurance—to the services of peace. He found a few Austrians and Germans who were eager to do a work of "reparation" in France, and with them were joined British, Dutch and Swiss volunteers. For five months this team worked near Esnes and Verdun, building barns, repairing roads, filling in mine and shell holes, cultivating fields and gardens—a hard and primitive life, the moral effects of which far surpassed the immediate results. Out of those terrible battlefields of France and Flanders came little of value for the future. As the fellowship of Toc H was rescued by Tubby to live again elsewhere, so Pierre Ceresole found amidst the desolation his "technique of the peace-maker." This brilliant mathematician became a navvy to demonstrate that international understanding is best promoted by men and women of different nations working together on some useful project.

Until 1924 Pierre's idea lay dormant, and then he organised another service to repair the damage done by a flood in Switzerland. The idea caught on, and every year, from 1926, services were held in different countries,

doing reclamation and reconstruction work after avalanches, floods and landslides. In 1928 workers reclaimed land flooded by the Rhine in Liechtenstein*; in 1930 other volunteers performed a similar service for the French village of Lagarde; in 1931 Brynmawr saw the first service in Britain construct an open-air swimming bath, paddling pool and public gardens; in 1934 a four-year service began for rehousing villagers in Bihar, the earthquake region of Northern India, and so on until the shadow of the approaching war began to darken the scene.

War-time Services

Undaunted by the bitter strife around them I.V.S.P. volunteers organised meals for 80,000 children daily in Madrid and Valencia, during the Spanish Civil War. The outbreak of the wider war in 1939 made it impossible to continue international services, but I.V.S.P. members did what they could in their own countries to keep alive the faith that international co-operation would again be possible.

In Great Britain the war-time services took many forms; afforestation, agriculture, canteen work and house demolition were the main activities. The most interesting development was a large Youth movement making it possible for about 600 young people each year to take part in harvesting camps. Always I.V.S.P. members longed to resume contacts with the movement on the Continent.

Toc H was able to give considerable help to I.V.S.P. in the realisation of this objective. For many months the Foreign Service Office of I.V.S.P. was situated in the Toc H centre at Dean's Yard. From there arrangements were made to send the first I.V.S.P. Relief Team out to the Middle East. This team worked in Greek and Yugoslav refugee camps set up in Egypt and Palestine, and then on clothing and food distribution in

* An article on this 'service' appeared in the Toc H JOURNAL of June, 1928.—ED.

Greece, from Christmas, 1944. The Unit was engaged for sixteen months on these tasks before its withdrawal. While U.N.R.R.A. reports that in many regions of Greece children show a definite diminution in height compared with three years ago, this I.V.S.P. team has the satisfaction of knowing that where they had administered child-feeding schemes the children are of average or more than average height. Another Unit served in Crete in a variety of ways—sorting out German Army stores, distributing clothes, organising childrens' summer camps, helping in hospitals and felling timber for re-housing purposes. Later this team returned to Greece and, after working for Displaced Persons, the remnant is engaged on food distribution. Other small Units have worked on water purification and malaria control in Greece. A Unit which went to Italy registered 25,000 Italian refugees and distributed clothing to them. Later this team organised the distribution and transport of building materials required for urgent repairs in the Abruzzi. On two occasions groups of Rome University students did short periods of service with this team, moving rubble from the town of Francavilla to re-surface a country road. This resulted in a provisional branch of I.V.S.P. being started in Italy. The Unit was eventually disbanded, but its work is carried on by a combined team of members of the Friends Ambulance Unit, American Friends Service Committee, American Brethrens' Committee and I.V.S.P. members from Great Britain, Italy and Switzerland. Since last August 16,000 tons of building materials have been transported for the repair of 4,000 homes.

After the invasion of North-West Europe Relief teams followed in the wake of the advancing armies. The first I.V.S.P. Unit to enter this theatre went to Holland and, after being engaged on food distribution, the team proceeded to Germany where they helped to organise camps for Displaced Persons. At first near Brunswick, they later moved to Bremke and are now in two sections at Münster and Siegen. They are engaged in work for German civilians in co-



I.V.S.P. distributing cheese to Berlin children.

operation with German Voluntary Societies. This Unit has been joined by two others doing the same kind of work. One Unit is at Goch while the other one is now in Berlin, after a period at Hamburg. While the Unit was at Bremke, students from Göttingen University were persuaded to spend part of their vacation working with the British volunteers erecting Nissen huts and clearing drains at the Friedland Refugee Transit Camp. The Unit in Berlin has also helped German social workers trying to re-equip Youth centres with primitive benches, etc. These activities have attracted the attention of the Control Commission and it is hoped that permission will be given to develop the work camp idea as a factor in the re-education of Germany.

A number of British volunteers have served at Ecurcey, Raon l' Etape and St. Mandrier in France with German, French and Swiss



Glazing a School roof, Raon l' Etape.

members. Here the work has been house-demolition and reconstruction, with sewing rooms for the making and repairing of clothes. The most recent venture concerns Finmark, in the far north of Norway. Two volunteers have gone to this desolate region, with a Friends' Ambulance Unit. There they will work with Danes, Norwegians and Swedes in erecting timber houses in place of those destroyed by the Germans.

Despite the demands on I.V.S.P. for trained personnel to go overseas its activities in this country are steadily increasing. This summer five camps are being organised for young people willing to devote a fortnight's holiday to fruit and potato picking, corn harvesting and market gardening. Smaller schemes will be organised for girls wishing to help in children's holiday homes. For adults there will be a harvesting camp and a scheme for clearing 'blitzed' sites in Bir-

mingham. With the advent of volunteers to this country from France, Holland and Switzerland these services will once more take on an international character. The Youth schemes require many adult helpers in gathering food so urgently required and doing a little to increase international understanding, and this may be the kind of service which Toc H members might like to offer. Offers of help should be addressed to the National Headquarters of I.V.S.P. at 1, Lyddon Terrace, Leeds, 2.

If you have read thus far you will know the bare facts about I.V.S.P. history, but if you want to know what it is really all about then you must come on a 'service' and find that the fellowship, which is so central in the life of Toc H, is also possible amongst people of different countries engaged on some hard common task.

A. E. TOMLINSON.

FROM THE LEPROSY FRONT

ARTHUR EDGAR, *late of Toc H staff, now General Secretary of the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association, sends us this note on Toc H work with B.E.L.R.A.*

THE end of the war has not brought many changes to B.E.L.R.A. Overseas mails, though not quite so uncertain, are still very slow, and passages by sea or air seem to be just as difficult. It has, however, meant the re-opening of leave for the workers from abroad—for most of them after five or six years unbroken work.

CLEM WILLS, recently married to Miss JEAN BEGG, has had leave, and will soon be taking his wife back to *Itu* whence DOUGLAS COFFIN—soon also to marry—has just come home. HAMISH MACGREGOR, LESLIE CORBRIDGE and FRANK MEAD are holding the fort there. Leslie Corbridge is likely soon to be seconded for work in the much needed extension of the housing programme in leprosy settlements. LEN PARKER has also had leave, and some two or three months ago rejoined BRUCE LANSDOWN at *Oji River*. From *Uzuakoli* FRED and Mrs. TUCK are on leave, while LAWRENCE BIRNBAUM from *Zaria* is awaiting a passage back.

WILLIAM LAMBERT, honoured for his war work by the award of the M.B.E., is due home early in July from *Maquete*, and WILLIAM DENSHAM after a varied war career expects to start his leave from *Northern Rhodesia* in October.

New Toc H recruits as lay workers include JOHN ELDON (who joined Toc H in a German prison camp) and ROLAND HUSKINSON, who are awaiting overseas postings.

The response of Toc H in very many parts of the country to the appeal of B.E.L.R.A. in its 21st Birthday Year (*JOURNAL*, March, 1945) has been most gratifying: as an introduction to local influential persons, as an organiser of functions in aid of B.E.L.R.A., and in many cases the local B.E.L.R.A. representative, Toc H has been increasingly active. A fine fund to continue our work has been won, and interest in it has been extended widely. For this, to all Toc H men and women who have been so helpful to us, we again send our warm thanks.

A.C.E.

THE STORY OF ITU

An excellent new book, *Can Ghosts Arise?*, has just been published and can be had from Toc H Headquarters: with its 57 pages of illustrations it is remarkably good value for 2s. 6d. The sub-title to the question in its title is "The Answer of Itu," and a very wonderful answer it is. In a Foreword Tubby rightly calls this Leper Colony an "outpost of the kingdom of our Lord on earth." The colony is a Mission station of the Church of Scotland, and the makers of it, since 1926, are Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald: "Hats off to the Macdonalds of Itu!", writes Tubby. "And when your hat is off, then pass it round."

The whole story—from the arrival, twenty

years ago, of the first leper (he did not wait to be cured), the forerunner of 15,000 others, to the happy and busy township of to-day, with its roads, canals and buildings, its industries and schools, all centred on the worship of its church, makes fascinating reading. Tubby's meeting with Dr. Macdonald on board ship in 1932, the starting point of Toc H work for lepers, is described, and a generous tribute paid to the Toc H volunteers, who began their training at Itu.

This book is good reading for everyone, a great encouragement to those who support B.E.L.R.A. at home and up-to-date ammunition for the battle against leprosy which can, in the long run, be won by faith and work.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

CLUBB.—On May 31, JOHN CLUBB, aged 79, a founder member of Aberdeen Branch. Elected 6.5.'27.

COPE.—On July 15, WILLIAM, LORD COPE, K.C., a Builder of Toc H since 1931, and leader of the Glamorgan Appeal.

CRAWFORD.—On March 27, HARRY CRAWFORD, a member of Green Street Green Branch. Elected 25.6.'37.

DAVIES.—Reported missing on May 3, 1943, in Arakan, now presumed killed, F. J. R. DAVIES, Capt., R.A., a member of Lampeter Branch. Elected 1936.

JONES.—On February 1, JOHN JONES, a member of Holyhead Branch. Elected 4.2.'35.

MACKAY.—On June 18, JOHN MACKAY, ex-Provost of Nairn, a member of Nairn Branch. Elected 5.3.'46.

NICHOLSON.—On February 21, J. E. NICHOLSON, a member of Polmont Branch. Elected 27.1.'32.

REECE.—Killed on active service in May, 1940, GEORGE REECE, a member of Holyhead Branch. Elected 7.3.'37.

ROBERT.—In June, H. A. (BOB) ROBERT, aged 44, former Secretary of Malvern Link Branch. Elected 1.9.'32.

ROBERTS.—On July 2, EDWARD ROBERTS, aged 53, a founder member of Kinmel Bay group. Elected 17.3.'45.

SOUTHGATE.—Lost at sea in September, 1944, while a prisoner of war in Japanese hands, BERNARD GILBERT SOUTHGATE, aged 29, L/Cpl., Royal Norfolk Regt., a member of King's Lynn. Elected 27.5.'35.

SPEARING.—On March 19, ALFRED T. W. SPEARING, a member of Green Street Green Branch. Elected 19.2.'43.

GOODNESS

"Don't we all know that goodness is not learned in mass organisations? It is learned in small fellowships which are devoted to the service of something greater than and beyond themselves, and beyond all of us. It needs humility and respect for others and unselfishness. It needs reflection on ends—on what things are worth while, on what we really want . . . Goodness is the salt of the earth, and without it the most elaborate and well-disciplined and scientifically-equipped social organisations will become either sterile or corrupt . . . You learn goodness by associating with good people, sharing their work and catching their spirit. And so we can learn how to answer this new challenge of our time from some of the countless men and women who are meeting it already—I know lots of them, who are putting accurate knowledge and administrative skill to the service of goodness and are learning to use organisations and yet to treat men and women as individuals . . . Let us join their company and increase the ranks of those who are really at this moment meeting the challenge of our time."—LORD LINDSAY, *Master of Balliol*, May, 26, 1946.

FOUND, A LAMP!

THERE is no doubt that a collection of fascinating stories of faith, fortitude and humour could be written round the score of home-made Toc H Rushlights which have survived from the Prison Camps of Europe and Asia. As a group of them were kindled, one by one, at each of the Guest-nights held in London for P.O.W. members, they must have awakened many memories, grave and gay, in the minds of those who stood round them. These symbols of our family life show the greatest variety of design and workmanship. Some are hacked out of fire-wood with the most primitive tools, others fashioned with long and skilled labour. A few adopt the form of the Lamp of Maintenance rather than the Rushlight. One of these—from a German prison—is turned and polished beautifully; another—from a Singapore camp—is a rough block of wood to which a candle was spiked on a nail at one end and a primitive double-cross attached at the other by someone's white metal 'Albert' watch-chain. A third, which we have not yet seen at home, may prove a link between these two. The story of its recent recovery is entertaining enough to put on record here.

When Fred Griffiths (Pontypridd) found himself a prisoner of war at Lavamünd in Carinthia, Austria, close to the Yugoslav border, he set to work to found a Toc H group. Among the thirty or so fellow-prisoners he initiated there was Cyril Stubbs (Gosport) who undertook to provide a symbol for the Ceremony of Light. Here is his own account of it:—

"The 'Lamp' we had at first was one of those bullet-shaped cigarette lighters. Sometimes it worked, but, in fact, very often we had to improvise, which naturally took the polish off the ceremony. So I decided to carve a Lamp.

The only tools I had were a file, a hack-saw blade, a penknife and some sand-paper, but after hours of chipping, sawing and filing I managed to get it somewhere near perfection. I carved it from the solid, the cross being separate and fixed in place by a small dowel or pin; the chain I managed to obtain from the workshops on the job (*i.e., with a working-party*). The wick I enclosed in a small brass tube, and when soaked in petrol it lasted for about two minutes, just long enough for the ceremony of Light. The

whole I enclosed in a small diamond-shaped wooden casket, lined with green baize."

From an Austrian electrician, Franz Failmeyer, whom he met in the course of his work as a P.O.W., Cyril Stubbs bought some wood-carvings (a typical product of long winter evenings in an Austrian village), which he hoped to be able to bring home to his wife. But when deliverance came at last, he had to leave these behind—together with his home-made Lamp—in Failmeyer's care at Lavamünd.

A long Shot

Act II of the story opens with a letter from Fred Griffiths to the Editor of the JOURNAL, explaining all this and asking if anything could be done about it. The upshot was a letter from the Editor to F. G. Chesworth, our Commissioner with H.M. Forces, C.M.F. For Lavamünd is in the same province of Austria as Klagenfurt, where once upon a time we had heard tell of a Toc H Circle, and Klagenfurt is only about 100 miles as the crow flies (only crows do not fly at all straight in these Alpine regions) from Trieste, 'Ches's' headquarters. It seemed a longish shot, but Headquarters has met odder requests than this with success before now.

Ten days later 'Ches' replied that he had set the ball rolling:

To-day there is no nearby Circle whose help we can enlist. But one of our members, John Scott-Miller, of Moseley, has this week-end been posted from here (*Trieste*) to a Training Centre in Austria, and as soon as he has got his bearings he will endeavour to recover the treasures. I've also written to his C.O., asking him to give Scott-Miller facilities towards this end. So prospects look bright, and I'll keep you informed of any developments."

Barely a week went by before 'Ches' wrote again, reporting success. He enclosed Scott-Miller's own account of the affair. Here it is:—

"I left here yesterday morning at six o'clock to go to Klagenfurt with the ration truck and arrived there at 8.30. In wandering round the town to get someone's advice on which road to take I came across the local C.V.W.W. offices and they did their very best to help me, even to the extent of ringing up the local C. of S. (Church of Scotland) people to see if they had any transport going to their canteen at Lava-



F. G. Chesworth (left) with John Scott-Miller in Rome.

münd. No help arrived from there, so I walked a little way out of the town on the right road and finally got a lift to the next place I was heading for, called Volkermarkt. There I was invited into the unit canteen for a cup of tea by the driver who had given me a lift; but, as there was a General's inspection on, there was no tea!

Up to now I had only found two people who knew where the place was, and even they had to search hard on their maps before they found it. I sauntered out of the town and once again hit the high road with little success until a convoy truck pulled up and enquired if I was going to Wolfsberg. Well, I was not sure, so in I climbed; but we had gone about a mile when I saw the sign post I wanted. Out I jumped and set off on what soon deteriorated into a rough road; anyway I kept on like Felix and came across the first sign of habitation in the 78 Div. Lumber camp. They informed me that not a lot of trucks used that road but there should be some down about 12.30. As this was about 11.00,

I decided that one hour's walking would do me no harm but I did not bargain for the other three that followed it! To cut a long story a little short, at the end I finally got a lift into the village from 6 km. outside, after having already walked 21 km.! I had a scout round and finally found the chap's house behind the local church. The only person I could find was either his mother or wife, I could not be sure which owing to the language difficulty. After following her round half the houses in the village we found an elderly female who could speak a little English, and I explained what I had come for and showed her the letter; then we had a long debate as to what sort of lamp I wanted, as the chap made all sorts of electric lights. I finally found out that Franz was out and would not be back till 8 p.m.; so decided I had better make plans to stay the night and headed for the local C. of S. canteen. I then went up to the house again to try my luck and found the chap in, and also that he could speak a little English. I explained it all to him again and he said that all he had was a big parcel that a chap named 'Cyril' had left behind and that he had never heard of a 'Fred.' He finally climbed into the loft of his house and produced this parcel. On opening it the first thing I saw was the Lamp—so I grabbed at it. There were some really lovely carvings in the box, but he wrapped all that up again and said he would not part with them until he heard from England, but I could take the Lamp away on the strength of your letter with the Lamp on it and my wristlet badge.

The outcome of all this is that I now have the Lamp, a hole in my shoe and a very pleasant experience. The only complaint I have is that people as a whole should be able to estimate distances far better than they do. The place is 57 km. (about 35 miles) not 30 km. from Klagenfurt, as I found out the hard way! Still, look what I should have missed if I had turned back in the middle!"

The Lavamünd Lamp will presumably come home when the C.M.F. next gets leave.

The last act, which, let us hope, will furnish Mrs. Stubbs with some beautiful Austrian carvings, is still being played. We leave Cyril corresponding merrily with the Editor, Fred Griffiths, 'Ches,' Scott-Miller and Franz Failmeyer. Good luck to them all!

B.B.

THANKS

At the Toc H Concert at the Albert Hall some months ago, the Conductor, Malcolm Sargent, announced that Mr. WALTER HUTCHINSON would add all profits on his forthcoming publication, *Spring Pie*, to the proceeds of the Concert. The result of this very generous gesture has been a contribution to Toc H Services funds of £10,500, for which we thank Mr. Hutchinson most warmly.

CONGRATULATIONS

To CYRIL ROFE (Tenterden Branch) on the award by the Lebanese Government of the Lebanese Medal of Merit, in recognition of the camps for poor boys which he ran, with other British soldiers, in three successive years while serving in Beyrouth. (See February JOURNAL.)

To ROBERT J. IRVING, (Kimberworth Branch) on the award of the B.E.M. for services in the R.A.F.

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

UP, THE JOBMASER!

DEAR EDITOR,

A.H.M. in the May JOURNAL told us "not to worry about the big jobs; they will come all in good time if we listen to the voice of God." The answer surely is that the jobs will *not* come unless they are sought and found, for we have never known God to be illogical in His workings yet. There is a saying that 'God will not push your barrow, but will oil the wheels.'

Never were jobs more difficult to find than at present. Compared with 1939, which may be classed as the age of poverty, to-day can be called the age of prosperity; money is cheap and better distributed than before the war, although it is not worth so much. There is no apparent want or hardship as in the old days; even the old folk are well protected. Thank God for all this!—but the need for Toc H service has declined in consequence.

As the human body needs exercise to keep it fit, so Toc H needs activity to maintain its health. If it just sits back and waits for the jobs to come, it will become like the men on the dole in pre-war days who waited so long for work that did not come that they became stale and put the idea of work from their minds, poor chaps. If we lack activity there is added danger of becoming a social club with a Christian atmosphere, very respectable but not Toc H.

Next to spreading companionship among our fellows and endeavouring to lead a life founded on Christian principles, jobs are the most important. As a factory is useless unless it produces the goods, so Toc H is not fulfilling its pledges unless it creates work for the benefit of its fellow-men. Jobmasters never had a more difficult task than they have to-day.

HERBERT GREEN,

Whitstable.

Jobmaster.

A DUTCHMAN SPEAKS

DEAR EDITOR,

The publication of unsolicited testimonials in the pages of the Toc H JOURNAL would,

I am sure, be a deplorable practice, but here is one that might be the exception.

The writer is Carlos De Neeve of Rotterdam, who came to London in July, 1945, to help with the administration of the Dutch Children's Camps in this country. He became a Hosteller at the Brothers' House and was soon one of the family. A Roman Catholic, sensitive and cultured, he had suffered greatly during the German occupation of Holland. In May, 1946, he returned to Rotterdam, and the attached is an extract from a recent letter from him.

The reference to Francis Flight is to an Englishman who was brought up in Holland and who was interned in the same camp as Rex Calkin and Austen Williams. Flight also stayed at the Brothers' House for a time, but returned to Holland in December, 1945.

*Brothers' House,
London, S.E.*

GERALD HAYES,
Hon. Warden.

Here is part of the letter:—

At last I get a moment to drop you a few lines and announce officially my safe arrival in Holland. Your splendid L.N.E.R. has seen to it that I had a remarkably smooth crossing and a very pleasant journey indeed, although my heart was rather sad leaving all my good days behind me. I was very pleased to find my wife and both the children in excellent health and the latter thriving beautifully on the vastly improved food, but the longing for England, London and Brothers' house has started already and won't be done away with very easily.

It was such an exceedingly pleasant atmosphere at 'Toc H' that it will be one of the high lights of my 10 months experience in England. You have all done a lot towards my getting acquainted more thoroughly with the British mentality, something nobody has never been able to achieve during my previous wanderings through your country. You have shown that living in peace and harmony is not so difficult as one might think when watching the way the world is trying to disentangle itself.

One of the first things I did on arrival in Rotterdam was finding Francis Flight, to whom I conveyed the best wishes of Brothers' House. I did not have time for a chat but I intend to see more of him. He looks fine and was full of interest for matters touching Brothers' House and its inmates . . .

I wish you every success for the future of Brothers' House and you know, whenever I come to London you'll be seeing me. Please let me know, however sparingly, how things are going.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

DEAR EDITOR,

We of Preston (Wembley) group have read, with interest, the series of letters relating to the future of Toc H which have appeared in recent issues of the JOURNAL. All too frequently the grains of wisdom that we gather from such articles are taken to heart for a very short time and then forgotten. Occasionally, as the result of a discussion, they may find their way into the life and being of a unit; far too rarely do they affect the family as a whole . . .

It has been suggested (*see May Journal*, p. 94) that the name of our movement is out of date and conveys nothing to the average person. This may be so, but would any other name prove more effective? Were we to call it 'Tare How' (*which has replaced 'Toc H' for T.H. in Army 'signalese'*) the man in the street would be none the wiser. Should we take upon ourselves some long and high-sounding title, it would undoubtedly be abbreviated and lose its significance, e.g., as the Young Men's Christian Association is known to all the Forces as 'The Y.M.*' Our name as it stands does at least prompt enquiries. So let us keep the old title; let us enjoy and use the traditions that go with the name of Toc H . . .

Preston (Wembley).

MAURICE WEST.

* Or, as the title of a book published by the American Y.M.C.A. after the 1914-18 war called it, *That Damned Y!*—ED.

HOW TO USE THE JOURNAL

DEAR EDITOR,

An East Anglian Branch Executive slipped up on its staff work, and a recent meeting of the Branch found itself with an item "Discussion on the JOURNAL," and no one to lead it. But, was there anything to be said, except that the May and June issues were particularly good? Unanimously the meeting agreed that it should not change its form or style. Comment was made on the intimate histories of the members of the Executive set out in the June JOURNAL, and most present felt that this homely touch made all feel that

these men were human, and more than mere names!

The talk developed on the lines of what use could be made of the JOURNAL, once it had been read. Was it to be consigned to cupboards and drawers, there to lie useless until spring cleaning time, and then sent for salvage?

One member related an experience which he had with the June JOURNAL. Going on a journey by train—and that in itself is an adventure in East Anglia—he somewhat ostentatiously pulled out the JOURNAL in the compartment. Almost immediately he was challenged by an Airman just returned from the Middle East and who was anxious to know more about the thing of which he had learnt in a Toc H Circle. Fortunately the member was able to give him the information he required as to the Secretary of Toc H in the place to which he was going. What might have been a tedious journey turned out to be fruitful.

At lunch in a restaurant out came the JOURNAL again, and was propped up in a conspicuous position against the water jug. As a bee is attracted to the flower, so they came. First a man from Yorkshire: "Hallo, Toc H! what is your Branch, and what has the JOURNAL got to say?" Then a man from a small market town, where he is very anxious to get Toc H going, and could he see the JOURNAL? Then a man from London who had read the JOURNAL, and pronounced it "Good," with the appropriate adjective.

Finally on the return journey, the member boarded the train with his precious JOURNAL still in evidence. The first contact was a padre from the West Country who had a slight interest in Toc H there, and who "absorbed" the JOURNAL as a cat laps up milk, breathing the while that "he must do something about it." Interest in Toc H was shown by several of the occupants of the carriage, and so the member felt at the end of the journey that his JOURNAL had indeed had a good day out, and not, we hope without effect.

Ipswich.

R.M.F.B.